it by uneasy feelings. I know what this means, and I try to fight it off. In the end I always yield. Sometimes the struggle lasts eight or ten days. It seems to me that my real self is dominated by another, which insistently urges me to leave home. 'It is necessary for you to go—you must go,' this second self keeps telling me.

"When I have finally surrendered, I feel a great sensation of relief. I know how alarmed my family will be, and I appreciate the absurdity of wandering aimlessly, begging my way. But I persist in doing this for a month or more. I seem to be no longer master of my will. It is the other fellow in me who commands, and I obey.

"Suddenly, some fine morning, I feel myself free from the influence of this strange master. My only desire is to return home. I am overcome with chagrin at the disgrace brought on me. I even think of suicide. I can not bear the thought of meeting the reproaches of my friends. My head is all on fire. But, after I have been home a few days, I quiet down—until the next attack."

In a case like this the sudden descent into trampdom may itself be a defense-reaction, the attempt of a defective nervous organization to gain protection from work—in this instance, the work of teaching—which is putting on it a greater strain than it can bear. Something of the same sort was probably responsible for the development of tramping proclivities in the young man who fled from home after the walking trip with his three friends. If it were possible to gain intimate knowledge of his previous history, it would doubtless be found that he had been under a strain that had badly disorganized a nervous system none too strong to begin with. But in the third of our three cases—the case of the one-time prosperous business man—it is unnecessary to look either to insanity or to hysteria for an adequate explanation. In fact, it is not necessary to look beyond the psychological law of habit.

Tramping Unfits Men for Work

SHORTLY after Josiah Flynt Willard started on his tramping adventures, an old vagabond sagely remarked to him, "Moochin' spiles workin', jes ez workin' spiles moochin'." The moment the business man who later turned tramp began his "rainbow-chasing," and in pursuit of his rainbows moved from town to town, nowhere doing regular work, that moment he began to deteriorate mentally and physically. He was already "moochin'," and simply by "moochin'" he was damaging his nervous system, and making it harder for him in the future to work. For it is an established fact that, if prolonged, lack of occupation is itself a producer of the morbid bodily condition unfitting for work tramps and other chronic idlers.

But, in addition to slowing down his physical processes by prolonged failure to keep his mind profitably occupied, this unfortunate business man, through his perpetual changing of residence, gradually made it increasingly difficult for him, not simply to do regular work, but to remain for any length of time in any one locality. In other words, he unconsciously allowed fondness for change to become habitual with him, just as other men unconsciously allow fondness for drink to become habitual and imperative.

Herein, as I see it, we have the true explanation of most tramps. In some cases, but in comparatively few, it is necessary to recognize the influence of insanity, epilepsy, or hysteria as a factor. In most cases tramping is nothing more than a bad habit, acquired by a man who was born with, or has developed, a nervous system decidedly below par. In most cases, too, there is reason to believe that the nervous debility is an accident of development rather than an inborn defect; which means that usually tramping is both curable and preventable, provided it be attacked with due appreciation of the physical and mental elements involved.

Tramps Should Have Medical Treatment

ACCORDINGLY I would suggest that, instead of sending tramps to jails, they should be sent to medical and psychological clinics. There the epileptic, the insane, and the hysterical could be weeded out for custodial and therapeutic care in institutions. The rest could at once begin to receive physically upbuilding treatment, preparatory to moral treatment having as its object the substitution of a working habit for the habit of idling and roaming.

As for the prevention of tramping, that rests chiefly with parents and teachers. The child who is kept in good physical health, in whom love of study and work is established at an early age, and whose home surroundings are such as to develop a feeling of contentment, is not likely to take to the road, either in boyhood or in later life.

A Life for a Life

By MARION PUGH READ

Illustrations by Walter Biggs

IN the two little cabins that stand, one on either side of the "branch," away up near the jagged crest of Big Stoney, for all the world like two little brown creatures come out from the wilderness behind them to drink and then stopped still to gaze at each other in wonder, two women were waiting for spring. One had confided to all the world her tremulous joy; the other, so far, had hidden her shame.

Step-sisters they were, but no real kin. Judy Baxter's mother had married Nance Calvert's father when the two girls were fifteen and sixteen. Not alone in the one circumstance that now divided them so sharply, from every point of view they were opposites. In proportion as Judy was dainty and fragile, Nance was big and overgrown. Her beauty lay in her rude strength, her perfect symmetry, her fearlessness. Nance was an Amazon, while Judy reminded one of nothing so much as one of those delicate little mountain roses that are so lovely up there on Bear Branch in June. It was just that same vivid pink that came and went in her cheeks. Her crinkly yellow hair, pale in the shade, was gold in the sunshine, and the lightest breeze that stirred blew its tendrils till they were like a halo around her face.

But, after all, it was the rare sweetness of her nature that made her seem most like one of those little mountain flowers. It was a sweetness that manifested itself in every tone of her voice, in every ripple of her laughter that woke up such welcome echoes there on Big Stoney, in every willing service her hands found to do. Only on Nance her sweetness did not prevail.

AFTER her mother had died, Nance and Pop had lived alone in the forlorn little cabin that stood by itself then, with no other nearer than old Hamp Eaton's, a mile down the trail. Nance was twelve then. There were plenty of girls far younger than that on Big Stoney who were little old women already, with a woman's acceptance of care bending their slender shoulders, and a woman's knowledge of life looking out from their grave little eyes. But there was nothing of the little old woman in Nance. Under her rude housekeeping the cabin soon lost whatever degree of snug comfort it ever had known. Spinning and weaving and knitting she let go by. The few clothes she needed she bought from a peddler's pack. She had only enough of the feminine instinct to know that, as Pop was a man, she must feed him. Loyally he ate the greasy bacon, and the wretched corn bread, and the biscuits that were worse.

"Air they all right, Pop?" she would ask, at first.

"Sure," he would answer.

And, after all, what did it matter? It was out in the woods and the fields that, even in winter, their real life was, and out in the open there was no dubiousness about Pop's approval.

"You're a boy—that's what you are!" he would cry in delight. "An' somethin' extry of a boy, at that! You kin throw straighter, an' aim truer, an' heft a bigger load than ary boy twicet yer size."

EVERY word of Pop's praise was gold to Nance. No idea had ever entered her head but of living on with him always like this—working with him when he worked, resting with him when he rested, liking the things he liked, and excelling in the things he himself excelled in. Every day she grew bigger and stronger. She was learning now to swing an ax as well as any woodsman. Some day Pop would say, "You're as good as ary *man!*"

And then, one day, without a word to Nance, he married Judy's mother.

She had lived in the lowlands, and had learned secrets of cooking and household arts unknown to the mountaineers. Pop never could get over the wonders of the fare she set before him.

"He's kinder to her than ever he was to mammy," Nance declared to herself bitterly.

But it wasn't the new wife—who, as it turned out, died such a short time afterward—that she resented: it was that new daughter that Pop kept coaxing:

"Hain't ye never goin' to call me Pop in no likelier tones than that?"

"Why should she call him Pop? She hain't no right to!" Nance would storm angrily to herself.

Queer new feelings of hate and distrust were born in her heart.

"He likes her better'n me," she decided afresh with each new expression of his delight.

She had never once thought of her own size and strength but as something to be proud of, to win praise from Pop; but when she saw how every one loved Judy's dainty beauty, she was awakened to a sense of her own ungainliness.

"She's as pretty a critter as ever was," she acknowledged to herself. "An' me—I'm as ugly as ary old varmint in the woods."

HER size became a blemish in her sight, a canker in the real bigness of her nature. Self-consciousness was born within her; and self-consciousness was self-distrust. Her pride in her old achievements was gone; her prowess was a wasted art. It didn't matter how much Judy admired that prowess, or how timid she was where Nance was brave.

"Take her out an' show her round," Pop would command.

And Nance, with no invitation other than to rise and take down the old gun from the wall, would stalk out and leave Judy to follow.

"Ain't it purty here, though!" Judy would exclaim with delight in the woods.

"Whar's home?" Nance would demand, turning on her.

"Off—off that-a-way," Judy would decide.

"Ye hain't no more sense fer the directions o' the airth than ye had the day ye come," Nance would declare.

"Thar's sech a many things to see," Judy would plead. "I keep a-lookin', an' I fergit."

"Ye could lose her in a clearin'!" Nance would mutter scornfully as she went on.

"Yander's some sang," Judy would point out, to retrieve herself.

"Ye don't know yaller root from sang!" Nance would exclaim. "Nor a beech from a birch. As fer a gun," she would finish contemptuously, "ye don't know no more 'bout a gun than one o' them little pieded lizards scootin' through the leaves."

"I kin l'arn, if ye'll show me," Judy would coax.

"Let's see ye hit that knot-hole acrost in the forked limb o' that old rotted pine," Nance would say, surrendering the heavy old flintlock rifle, that always kicked so furiously when fired.

Scared to death of it as she was, Judy would take it in her little hands and struggle to hold it up against her shoulder.

"That-a-way?" she would ask. "Now, how do I make it shoot?"

"No use to meddle with the trigger till ye kin grip the barr'l once," Nance would return grimly. "Ye're aimin' now somewhar jest about the middle o' that 'ere big cloud a-sailin' by over the top o' Little Stoney. An' ef ye was to shoot *now*, ye'd go clean through that ground-squirrel's hole, yander to the left."

"Hit's so heavy!" Judy would pant.

"Hit's no more heft than a broomstick, if ye've got any strength," Nance would say, swinging it back to her shoulder. "I reckon I'd feel 'bout as quare to be walkin' long without ary gun as you would to be a-totin' it."

"It's a purty trick with you, whether ye're a-totin' it or a-shootin' of it," Judy would cry in admiration of the lithe, strong figure stalking on ahead; but her admiration was nothing to Nance.

THERE was not a thing indoors that Judy couldn't do as if she were born to it. After the three of them were left alone, and she had taken all the care of the housekeeping into her hands, her industry won even more golden praise from Pop.

"What ye fixin' up fer us now?" he would call out, as he stood outside the door, washing his hands ready for supper. "Somethin' mighty good—I kin tell that much by the sizzle!"

"He never talked that-a-way to me," Nance would say to herself bitterly. "An' I hate to cook wusser'n sin!"

It mattered not that she had Pop to herself all day in the fields, where as man to man now she did her full half of the work. Her accomplishment was a matter of course; but the very thought of Judy seemed to lighten his toil. And sometimes, catching the lilt of her song as she came out to fill her bucket at the well or gather the chickens about her for their feed, "She's jest purely sunshine!" he would declare.

That was what young Dick Hartridge thought when Pop brought him home, one night, from the lumber camp over on the Divide.

Pop wanted him to give his estimate on some big yellow poplars he thought of cutting down; but the first thing he did was to fall in love with Judy